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Editor of the N. Y. Saturday Press,  
No. 9 SPRUCE STREET, N. Y.

(From the Philadelphia "City Item.")  
THE SONG OF DANIELSONS.

(After Walt Whitman.)  
BY BARBARA THOMAS.

1. I am going to write something gorgeous.  
And you will believe every word I say.  
Because I write what I have seen and heard and smelt.  
And the same things also you have seen and heard and smelt.

2. I go out in the garden where the cats sing.  
I turn up a daisy, and sit on its bottom, watching it dance and fling.

3. I smell about fish frying, the smell enters my nostrils.  
I inhale the savory odor, and cherish it as carnal fragrance.  
Its perfume envelopes the senses, but the dandelion says:—

4. I believe this dandelion is a brass button on the liver of Spring.  
And yet it is not, for nature is never servile, abject, low-flung.  
Flimsy or liver-wearing. She is her own servant.

5. She is her own master. In the circle there is no end, neither can I find a beginning.  
On which account I watch the notes in the sunbeam, and listen to a hydrant running in the next yard.

6. Then I am conscious that it is Saturday.  
Brooms nervously fly here, there, over brick pavement.  
Little brown gutter-leaves with high heels daintily trip over hose pipes looking like water-makes.

7. These water-makes dip their noses in buckets and gurgle.  
Their life-blood into them. Look out, here comes a Niagara.

8. Swash, the little gutter-leaves are soaking, and where a moment ago there was joy and warmth.  
Now I see that which has been since all time, sorrow and tribulation.

9. I am the poet of joy and jollity and light-heartedness.  
Hence you do think I will howl for a cracker?  
There is a laughing note in the house when I know they are putting down Canton matting.  
There will be hot weather here before long, and then how cool and pleasant the shaded drawing rooms.

10. Sitting in the armchair, and listening to the street-cries.  
Watermelons, peaches, here they go.

11. Sophocles and President Tyler never minded these things.  
Neither did Eliza Follen or Asquith.  
Who they did? the voices of many buffoons are required to drown the roar of the lion.  
My motto is Two-Thirty, and those who feel they can't go that pace I lift up and take them.

12. With me in my light trotting wagon. Clear the track.

13. I have great faith in music, but I also require mind.  
A pinch of snuff will separate two bulldogs in a fight.  
Riches perish; relations die; kingdoms are laid waste.  
But the memory of a great mind is imperishable and Homer makes heroes while Milo makes brutes.

14. Come here and sit down by me on the bottom of this tub and give yourself up to contemplation.  
Regard that dandelion. You tell me it looks like a brain new twenty-dollar gold-piece.  
And that a few thousand of these would make you happy.  
Believe me, my boy, it would not do anything of the kind.

15. I praise the Spring-time, but I know the Summer comes.  
Also the Autumn and then the Winter, when there is ice and things.  
The dandelion will fade and the gold-pieces take wings.  
But thoughts are immortal. Lay up also thought for the Winter time.  
He who does not do this as he would have others do unto him.

16. The same is a brick; I give him my hand, and he shall sit with me on the bottom of the tub and sing the song of Danielsons.

(From the Independent.)  
A WALK WITH CARLYLE.

BY REV. THOMAS L. CUTLER.

"You will be very welcome to me to-morrow at two o'clock, the hour when I become accessible to my guests here." The turning up of the above laconic and characteristic note among some private papers—together with the announcement of a new edition of "Carlyle's Miscellaneous Works"—sets me upon a brief reminiscence of this extraordinary man. Not so popular as formerly—not so imitated by half-fledged literatures as a dozen years ago, he still ranks among the score of leading minds in our era. As but few of our countrymen ever see the brawny philosopher face to face, I hastened to accept his cordial appointment for an interview. He lives at Chelsea on the banks of the muddy Thames—in what was once the environs of London, but like Chelsea in New York, the growing, greedy city has swallowed it up bodily, and now it is but a district of the Great Metropolis. Turning into a quiet, pebbled street, I soon reached a neat two-story house, not so discolored with coal-smoke as the dwellings in the other portions of the city. Entering the door, I was met by his Scotch wife (a lineal descendant of stout John Knox), and conducted to the "garret," but such a garret! In the days of Johnson and Savage it would have been deemed a sumptuous apartment for a quill-driver; and poor Oliver Goldsmith would have danced for joy over the ownership of so tidily and sparklingly that there were "books to the ceiling, books on the walls, books on the tables, books upon books, books everywhere." A huge German volume lay open on the center-table, and over it bent the iron-gray head of the philosopher. Starting up from his chair, he greeted me with a bluff heartiness, and in the rich brogue of Western Scotland. He looked precisely as I expected—a robust, broad-shouldered son

of the soil, apparently just from the plow, and slipped into clean linen and broadcloth for the occasion of meeting a friend or going to church. With his crisp, short, gray hair, and his long black coat, whose collar invaded his ears, he recalled the figure of a good Methodist parson who rode the circuit near our native town in days of yore. There was a world of latent heat in his gray eyes, which kindled up as he fired in conversation. A fine brow and a furrowed cheek marked the life-long student of three-score years and five.

The first inquiry was after Professor Longfellow, the poet of Cambridge, whom he pronounced a "man well skilled in the languages." He then fell into a talk about America, a land which he had been often invited, and which he greatly desired to visit, but want of leisure and the dread of the sea had kept him back. I told him that he had more readers in the United States than in Britain, and that the author of so many political tracts ought to see the workings of our republic. "Ah," said he, "you may talk as much as you like about our democracy or any other cracy, or any sort of political rubbish; the true secret of the happiness in America is that ye have got a vast deal of land for very few people." He was not far from the truth. Abundant land and abundant labor for the masses give happy homes and full stomachs; and with free schools and free Bibles, why should such a nation thrive?—And a large share of the social evils of Great Britain have grown out of her enormously overcrowded population.

After a delightful chat over his study table, Carlyle seized his hat and cane, and proposed to walk toward Hyde Park, a quarter in which he had to meet an engagement presently. We walked into the air laden with bituminous clouds from the "old town," and Carlyle, brandishing his cane before him, exclaimed, "How I like to mount a horse, and push out in the teeth of the wind beyond this London coal-smoke!" As we walked along, he ran on in a glorious strain of mirth and merriment, occasionally breaking into a loud laugh that might be heard across the street. I told him that I had just come from the Land of Burns. He set him upon a glowing reminiscence of the Ayrshire bard; and he told me that when a little boy he used to creep over into the churchyard of Dumfries, and find the poet's tomb, and sit and read the simple inscription by the hour. "There it was," said he, "in the midst of poor artisans and labor-folk—there it was, that name Robert Burns—Robert Burns." Carlyle repeated the name several times to himself with solemn reverence. And as he did so I could see the striking picture of the little farmer boy of Ecclefechan stealing up to the grave of poor Robie, the peasant lad, and there filling those deep gray eyes full with tears as he repeated to himself the "Cotter's Saturday Night," and joined in the poet's prayer that he

At that Dumfries grave-site must have been kindled the inspiration which afterwards produced, through the pages of *The Edinburgh Review*, the noblest tribute ever paid to the memory of Burns. When I informed him that the old man who once showed the poet's birth-place had died, he burst into loud laughter at the ludicrous idea of such a martyrdom. "Well," said he, "a very wee bit drap will sometimes send a good temperance speech in that brief sentence."

In the course of our conversation Carlyle said to me, "from your name you must be a Dookman." I told him that my ancestors came from the land of dykes. This started him into a grotesquely eloquent eulogy of Dutch pluck and patriotism. "The world has gone crazy," he said, "over a certain red rag of a Frenchman, but no exploits of Bonaparte can compare with those Dookmen, who stood out the siege of Leyden. When Philip sent the Duke of Alva to smother them, he 'joss' got like squelched himself like a rotten egg. Ah! those Dookmen were the bravest people that ever lived."

With this ceaseless flow of humor, the sturdy man strode on toward the Park—taking long steps like one who had followed the plow—and the first street-lamps were being lighted when we shook hands and parted. As I watched his manly figure moving away, I looked after him in silent admiration and sorrow. In admiration of his brilliant learning and genius, of his heroic independence of thought and speech, of his honest insight into the human soul, of his honest contempt of all shams and vanished falsehoods; yet I could not withhold my grief that one gifted with such rare gifts should have forsaken God's pure fountains of revealed wisdom for the broken cisterns of Germanic lore. Carlyle is the most original writer of the age in form of expression. Yet he has originated no system of philosophy, no system of ethical or social reform, nor even a new school of criticism. He has turned the Queen's English upside down; he has unsettled some minds in the philosophies and the sound faith of his native Scotland; he has exposed many popular abuses; he has written some magnificent biographical essays; he has provoked an infinite amount of wholesome, healthy laughter—but he is the father of no grand beneficent plan for making humanity the purer and the happier. His is not of the very highest order of minds—the minds that contrive and create. He is an acute critic of others, not a creator of what others never did or never could do. He is a herculean puller-down of existing evil systems, but he rears nothing in their stead. Incessantly crying out to the men of this generation, "It is no thought—it is thought; ye are feeding on stones," he fails to discover for us the "true meat and drink of life eternal." Useful as such a man may be in exposing falsehoods in philosophy or fallacies in government, he never can have a place among the solid benefactors of the race—among the Bacon, the Howards, the Romilys, the Wilberforces, the Chalmerses, the Franklins, or even the Lord Shaftesburys. Yet in the world of letters there is but one Thomas Carlyle. The man who rose from the cottage of an Ecclefechan laborer—who grew up in the school-boy intimacy of Edward Irving—who produced with the same pen the elegant essay on Burns and the barbarous compound of learning and fun, styled "Sartor Resartus"—who wrote the unsurpassed biographies of Schiller and of Sterling—who has vindicated Cromwell to the world, and introduced Germany to thousands who knew not the giants of Teutonic blood—who has depicted Luther with the pen of a diamond—and has spread out the horrors of the French Revolution over his roads of terror-illuminated canvas—such a man has left a legacy already which will be a "crista de auri," a "possession for ever more" to all the lovers of the heroic and the beautiful.

—The *Leader* says that the first schoolmaster who ever wielded the ferule in New York came here in April, 1653, on board the good ship *Sadler*, from Holland, in company with stately old Evertusdus Bogardus, the domine who married Anneke Jans, and owned jointly with her a goodly portion of worldly wealth, which afterward came down to Trinity Church in conjunction with much heart-burning and an interminable lawsuit. Adam Roelandsen (or Rolandson) was the

first schoolmaster of Manhattan Island, and his name should be remembered as that of the local tutelar spirit of the book and the ferule. He came in other good company, too, for Wouter van Twiller, the new Director General, was on board the same ship—good old Wouter, whose luminous decisions and portly breadth of person have been so drolly caricatured by Irving, and who really seems to have been not only a thriving and prosperous merchant, but quite as good a Governor—spite of traditional ridicule—as the times could very well afford for such an out-of-the-way and troublesome colony as New Amsterdam. Adam Roelandsen had not a pedagogic charge of great extent. The little firm with which he called his distasteful charges from the schoolhouse-door on smelly morning-ings, could be heard over all the settlement; and the schoolhouse itself was only of rough shale, of height enough to clear the head of the pedagogue, and a dozen feet each way in extent.

(From Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass.")  
MANHATTAN.

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city, and I found it here in the aboriginal name. Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, murely, musical, self-sufficient. I see that the word of my city, is that word up there, beneath the word, in the heart of the water-lays, rich, homely, tall and wonderful, and I cannot live happy, without I often go talk, walk, eat, drink, sleep with them!

The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, the larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas, the countess made, the white shore-steepers, the lights, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steepers, the down-town streets, the jobs' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets, I cannot live happy, without I often go talk, walk, eat, drink, sleep with them!

The carts hauling goods—the manly race of drivers of horses—the brown-faced sailors, the Summer air, the bright sunshining, and the sailing clouds aloft, the Winter snows, the sleigh-bells—the broken ice in the river, jammed up to the roof, or down, with the flood-tide or ebb-tide, the mechanics of the city, the masters, well-formed, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes; Trotters thronged—velocities—Broadway—the women—the shops and shows, the parades, processions, bugles playing, flags flying, drums beating;

A million people—manners free and superb—open voices—hospitality—the most courageous and friendly young men; the free city; no slaves! no owners of slaves! I will refuse with decisions of my own age. It was the city of such young men, I am led to with them! The city of such young men, I am led to with them! I cannot live happy, without I often go talk, walk, eat, drink, sleep with them!

## THE WEDDING-RING.

During my childhood I was always called a singular girl. I know I was always a good deal of a romp. Thank Heaven, the natural impulses of childhood for free and vigorous exercise in the open air were never restrained in me by the foolish constraints of a vulgar propriety. My sports were never interrupted with the worse than senseless remark, "Such a thing is not proper for girls," or "It is not respectable—no one else does so."

If I wished to climb a tree, I did so without any fear of the world's disapproval. I could run and jump, or dance through the woods, making them my own age. It was a joyous, careless laughter of childhood; or, in the grassy fields with the gay flowers, growing into a sympathy with them as we drew together our full of health and strength from the warm sun and fresh air; or peering up into the sky until my soul was full of the peace and quiet of its clear deep-blue.

I was never afraid of injuring my complexion, nor made to feel that the soiling of a dress was a matter of greater importance than an hour of such delicious enjoyment, or a wild romp and chase with the butterflies, the birds, or my faithful dog—for these were the principal companions of my childhood.

I was called a queer child, and I do not think I was any greater favorite with children than I am now with grown people of my own age. I was said to be distant, proud, and haughty. The littleness, the selfishness, the want of a free and natural expression of their thoughts, their feelings, and their characters, kept me then, as now, from associating familiarly, became sympathetic with companions of my own age. It was a wonder to me then, that I found so few of the children whom I knew with the same tastes that I had. Now I can understand it in their case. They were the children of such people as they themselves have grown up to be. Out of a household which is narrow, contracted, false, selfish, and unjust, because worldly-minded and diseased with a worldly pride and ambition, how can it be expected that children should come forth fresh and natural, unselfish and open to the generous impulses of childhood, or the free and unobscured influences of nature?

But the wonder I felt at finding so few children with my simple love of exercise and open air, I now feel at finding the same tastes wanting in grown men and women; while I am more surprised at their want of freedom, spontaneity, and love of the natural and simple pleasures of truthfulness and earnestness. These tendencies of my childhood, which I still preserve, and the consequent choice of solitude in preference to the company of unappreciating and uncommensal people, gave me a reputation for being eccentric; but my peculiarities were always sufficiently excused to the neighbor's minds by the remembrance that I was a De Courcy, and that the De Courcys were always peculiar and eccentric. My grandfather was an Englishman, as proud of his descent as the proudest Howard of them all; who in a fit of proud disgust had left his native country, and coming to America had bought a large tract of land—near the city where I still reside—on which he built a house and lived and died in a state of perfect seclusion.

He was a very proud, but not a haughty man. He was personally reserved and distant, but humane in his feelings, and almost entirely democratic in his principles. If such an expression is not a pleonasm, he was as father came in and asked what was the matter. "She refuses to go to bed," said my mother. "Very well then, let her sit up!" He told the nurse to go away, and I was left alone. He was not put to bed that night. There was no further mention made of my going, and no particular notice taken of me during the remainder of the evening. I shall never forget how singular my feelings were, or the inexplicable "caval" and weariness that evening was to me; but it taught me the lesson of my responsibility, and that if I behaved foolishly, I could not help bearing the punishment.

society, as he could have been in England. The pride of success is as tyrannical as that of birth, and a great deal less refined. The noble equality of noble-minded men, is perhaps less realized in society, where a mean and almost universal worldly-ambition engenders so prolific a crop of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, than where the distinctions of social rank are freely recognized, and their claims are capable of undeniable proof. And beside, fifty years ago England was more aristocratic than it is now. The middle-class had not produced its cotton-kings, nor had the material progress of the world taught England the lessons she has since learned. And the same thing was true of our own country. We had declared the truth of a principle, but it had not yet become an integral part of our daily lives. It was therefore wise in my grandfather to guard his faith in man's perfectibility from the rude shocks of contact with an imperfect world; to count in secret his pearls of hope and faith, rather than to subject himself to the certainty of feeling them trampled under foot, and himself rent, had he cast them before the swine of a society as yet unsettled, and in that state of transition, which however promising when considered philosophically, is in actual contact even more annoying to a sensitive refinement than any appearance of settled stability.

My grandmother I never saw, but the portrait I remember of her, was that of a sweetly-gracious face, a spotless lace-up, and a rich crimson-velvet dress. It was a portrait painted by Copley, and though it had some of the hardness of his style, yet still the original was evidently a delicately-nurtured woman, of high breeding, but of a tender and sensitive womanly nature. She died soon after coming to this country.

My father was the eldest of a family of three sons and two daughters.

His character will appear in these pages. My mother was a New England woman, one of that practical and metaphysical people. It would seem as though a hard, ungracious, rigid religion of duty, always produced a love of metaphysics, as though the mind sought to counterbalance a too strict adherence to the straight line of dogmatic faith, by an excessive indulgence in the devious and subtle windings of mysticism; but could not indulge in them gracefully or freely, or shake off the angularity of movement imposed upon it by its practical daily faith. A Puritan in love, or attempting to partake of any joyous, free, and uncalculating natural emotion, reminds me always of a soldier in a ball-room. He can't shake off the constrained precision of the drill.

My mother had a great deal of this rigid and ungracious devotion to duty, which would render life a perpetual sacrifice, rather than a constant joyful, song of praise. But she was earnestly sincere, and further than that a tender-hearted woman; virtues which the power indignantly denies any human dogmatism the taste to destroy. She was also as rigidly just as she was exacting, and as she required others to walk the hard path of duty, she herself never strayed away into the meadows on either side. She was of the stuff that the Puritan martyrs were made of. A nature that was equally fitted to become Quaker-burners and which-

There were two engravings which hung together in position by my mother, and which I have inherited from my mother, had an appreciative respect for her character, and a devotedly-tender love for her. These pictures were a Saint Jerome by Durer, which had belonged to my mother, and a Saint Marguerite from Raphael, which had been my father's. The Saint Jerome was the figure of a lean and withered man, wasted by fasting and self-imposed penances for the supposed sins of being a man and living life in the world. He had therefore retired to a horrid deserted cavern, and with nothing to remind him of the world but a skull, passed his life in prostrations before a cross, and by thus attempting to destroy his humanity, fit himself for a spiritual existence. The only result as far as I could see, was that he had made himself a very ugly and disagreeable-looking person.

My father's picture was the Saint Marguerite, that beautiful, fair young woman, walking calmly and serenely over the horrid dragon of sin and death, armed only with a sheaf of palm and her own purity and innocence.

When I was a child, these pictures seemed to me to mutually destroy each other; but now I can understand the subtle and tender feelings which prompted my father to hang them thus together. Had the one been his own, and the other his wife's youthful dream of the life which should become entwined with and complete the experience of each? I can now understand why my father used often to stand so long before them; and why he was always so tender and kind to my mother when at some difference of opinion or feeling, he had set an hour silently before him.

After my mother's death, he had these two pictures carried into his private study, which opened from his bedroom, and there, for now I use it as my own study, they stand.

To these two pictures I had added a print of Durer's Melancholy, that wise and sad picture of an intellectual life in medieval Christianity; these three were the pictures in my study until my husband gave me a copy of Raphael's Triumph of Galatea; that happy, joyous picture of natural, physical life, to serve, he said, as a counterpoise to the Melancholy. But this is in advance of my story.

My father's theory of education was that a child's character should be allowed to develop itself freely, and without any further restraint than its own sense of responsibility for its actions. He would never give a positive order unless compelled to do so, but required then an unquestioning obedience.

I was much more under his guidance than under my mother's, and had therefore pretty much my own way, but learned, early, my own responsibility, and to have my own respect. As long as I can remember, I was naturally rebellious to an authority which would coerce me into doing anything; but I was always gently governed by an appeal to my reason and my sense of right, provided my ability and freedom to elect my own course of action, were fully granted at the same time.

I was a very young child, when one night the nurse wished to carry me off to bed. I was interested in something, and wanted to remain down stairs. My nurse insisted, tried to force me, and I struggled and kicked to get away. My mother called me a bad child and ordered me to go instantly. Every feeling in me was alive to resist. I declared I would not go, and my father came in and asked what was the matter. "She refuses to go to bed," said my mother. "Very well then, let her sit up!" He told the nurse to go away, and I was left alone. He was not put to bed that night. There was no further mention made of my going, and no particular notice taken of me during the remainder of the evening. I shall never forget how singular my feelings were, or the inexplicable "caval" and weariness that evening was to me; but it taught me the lesson of my responsibility, and that if I behaved foolishly, I could not help bearing the punishment.

Next morning I awoke, all drowsy, upon the sofa of the sitting-room, and felt sore all day from sleeping in my clothes; but I felt I should not annoy any one with complaints, as I had no one to blame but myself. No further mention was made of the circumstance, but it supplied me with material for serious thought for weeks.

From that time forward my mother never interfered in my management, and I was left entirely under my father's direction. The course of treatment he adopted with me, strengthened my instinctive aversion and resistance to all coercion. I would not do a thing because the world, or any member of it, required my so doing. I felt the instinct of a wild bird caged, to dash myself against the bars of law, or duty, or convention, that would circumscribe my free and joyous life. Freedom and liberty are generally thought to mean only a license in wrong-doing. Man being naturally corrupt, his tendencies are naturally evil. This may be true of men, though I don't believe it. Judging from my self-knowledge, I know it is not true of women. I never had a desire to do what I thought was wrong, which was not created and fostered in my heart by some prohibition or constraint of human invention.

If human nature was created evil, God would have never pronounced it good. In the most abandoned creatures of my sex—and charity and love for them have never had me to see a great many—I never found a single one who did not with justice lay the blame of her degradation to other causes than an inherent tendency to evil. Nor did I ever find one who had not a hope of some natural happiness, which should at some time come to her. Often it was low, mean and base according to the world's ideas, but it was always the best that her birth, her position and her experience had taught her to hope for.

My remembrance of my childhood is not very distinct. Only a few salient points, like the lesson my father gave me of my responsibility, stand out clear in my memory, from the even tenor of my life.

I passed my life in the open air, walking and riding about the country, and at home in reading and studying. My father directed my education, and never constrained me in my selection of books from his rich library, a great part of which had been brought over from England by my grandfather. It was my father's belief that the unconscious purity of childhood would naturally reject any evil there might be in a book, and would assimilate only the good in its mental growth.

By means of this wise freedom, I early acquired a love for old English literature, and had read much that is now considered coarse and vulgar, before I knew that there was anything objectionable in it. I was charmed with the healthy natural feelings of the old writers. They were natural men and women, rather than conventional ladies and gentlemen. The taste I then acquired remains with me to this day, and I am ever grateful to my father for the wise freedom he allowed me in my reading.

I, of course, read a great many novels, and had formed an ideal of the perfect man a kind heaven had prepared for my husband. I was a girl of twenty, healthy, strong, accustomed to exercise and able to study hard, and I was supposing myself to be a woman. I was not, and the reason of it was that young men were no great favorites with me.

One morning in Spring I was returning alone from one of the long horse-back rides I was in the habit of taking. Our property was bounded on one side by a small brook, which spread so as to form a sluggish pool at the back of our farm, though higher up its spring rains, it dashed along quite a formidable stream. About a quarter of a mile above the boundary line of our farm, it was crossed by a bridge.

We had had copious and protracted Spring rains, and when I crossed the bridge in the morning I noticed the brook was greatly swollen, and roared and foamed past the bridge like a torrent.

On my return from my ride, I saw quite a crowd collected on the bridge, and riding up saw they were looking at the imminent peril of a young child, who had gone into a boat to play, and had drifted out into the stream.

A curve in the bank, just where the child was, forced the current into a small whirlpool, around which the boat was rapidly circling. The country-boss upon the bridge stood gazing stupidly at the child's terror and peril, as men will gather any day to see a hanging, or any rare show of suffering.

My face flushed. "Can nothing be done to save that child?" I asked. "Well, I can't say," replied one of the men. "Excuse me," said a young man, who had climbed to the outside of the bridge, and stood holding on to the rail; "as soon as the current sweeps the boat from that whirlpool, it will bring it down to the bridge and between these piers. As it goes through, by reaching down I can save the child."

He kept his eyes fixed upon the boat during the whole of his speech. There was no time to express my admiration of his calmness or his judgment, for the boat was now sweeping down like light towards the bridge. As it passed under, the young man, with a quick and sure hand, grasped the child by the dress and handed it to those upon the bridge.

To do so he had clambered down upon the pier, and stood where it would seem impossible for a man to find a footing.

I was looking for him to reappear, when I heard a splash, and one of the men cried, "My God! he's fallen in himself!"

"He'll be drowned, certain!" said another, as the crowd rushed to the other side of the bridge to see him come from under.

The danger seemed to make me preternaturally cool. Quickly rising in my stirrup, I gathered my long riding-dress closely under me. "When the brook was low, carriages would frequently leave the bridge and drive through it. Down this path I rode, and into the dashing water, urging my horse after the black head that kept bobbing up and down before me, exposing every now and then a pale face, apparently exhausted already with his vigorous struggles.

Those coward hours upon the bridge cheered me. But! they would see the only man among them drown, and aid a woman who sought to save him, only with their cheers. I would not have given my good mare Nancy for the whole of them together. She was of my sex, had a feminine heart, and seemed to share her mistress' feelings, as she plunged and strove with all her might to reach that floating body before its falling spark of life should be quenched forever.

I cannot describe the strangeness of the feelings that whirled through my mind while I was carrying this perhaps lifeless body to the shore. It was a novel position for a young girl, but that never occurred to me. My mind alternated between an eager hope that he was still alive, and an impatient fear that I would be too late.

Even as he lay upon my lap—his eyes closed, and his wet black hair hanging wildly over his deathly pale face—I could not but be struck with the manly strength and grace of his clear-cut face.

Some of the persons upon the bridge had carried the news to the house before I arrived there, so that as I galloped up to the door I found them all waiting to receive me. The gentlemen of the family took possession of the stranger, and I went to change my own wet clothes, and lie down to recover from the fatigue which, now that the danger and excitement were passed, overpowered me.

They gave me some cordial, and after seeing me carefully in bed, left me to myself, and for two hours I slept the deep sleep of exhaustion.

I awoke I thought over the whole experience. Women are seldom human from principle. They are so circumscribed by the constraints and conventional proprieties of their lives, that the sight of danger and peril generally makes them feel their helplessness more than the ties of a common humanity,—that they owe as well as require assistance. This I had often thought, and the day's experience recalled the train of reflections to my mind.

It was but right for a man to risk his life to save a fellow-creature's; but if a woman did the same thing, or did even as I had done, for I did not feel that I had risked my life—I felt too sure of my good mare Nancy—from an impulse of common humanity, though the right-minded would applaud her act, yet the conventional-world would feel that she had ventured out of her sphere. Although a woman may treat this conventionality with the contempt it deserves, yet still she cannot wholly escape from its influence. I felt this in my own case, free as my own mind and education had been from its vulgar, small-minded proprieties.

And here, perhaps, may be an explanation, why women who are distinguished by practical public work, though it may even be of disinterested charity, almost always lose the fine edge of the womanly character, acquiring that unrefined want of reserve which is called a knowledge of the world.

I do not mean to say that this must necessarily be the case; I felt that it would be my care and study to prevent it in my own; and that the best way would be to cultivate the many art of acting from well-directed principles, rather than from impulsive feeling; for I knew that only as such motives of action become habitual, could any one hope to walk, with peaceful serenity, through this world.

This sudden danger of a human being whom I had never seen before, who had no claim upon me except the bond of a common humanity, by making me forget my sex and my risk at the sight of his peril, struck a cord in my nature that has resounded through all my subsequent life. It is generally supposed that women are more naturally merciful than men, and I saw this woman first stand on the sidewalk to look with unconcern upon the struggles of a horse who has fallen down, or whose some brute is beating.

The attendance of women at the gladiatorial shows and at the bull-fights, show what women can do. Nor do I think that women are naturally more cruel than men. It is their education and position that makes them more timid, and the timid are always cruel instances by the thousand can be cited, where person of interest, affection, and I am proud to say, principle, high, lofty, sustained principle, have made women as noble braves as Bayard, and as humanely tender as Sidney. Whenever the sex comes, as come it will, to act habitually from the principles of a high self-interest, rather than an observance of proprieties; ready to accept the trials and meet the responsibilities of life, we will have fewer charming bundles of affections, but more perfect women.

I required after the stranger, and learned that he was alive, but very weak, and that one of his legs had been broken, probably by striking one of the supports of the bridge as he fell, or as he was swept by the doctors had seen him, had set the bone, and pronounced that it was necessary for him to remain quiet where he was.

He had given his name as Henry Carrol, and had asked to have his luggage brought from the village hotel at which he was stopping.

It was three days before he was strong enough to be allowed to see me, though he had asked earnestly every day for permission to do so.

It is common enough in novels to read of heroes who save the lives of heroines, but the first interview with a man whose life I had saved was new to me. I had no precedents for my behavior, either in my reading or my experience.

I found him lying propped up in bed. His face was pale, but I entered, and I was again struck with its manly, vigorous beauty.

"Miss DeCourcy," he said in a rich voice, tremulous with feeling, "for three days they have kept me from telling you, that though the life you saved will be ever at your service, yet I feel that no gratitude could be adequate to the obligation I owe you. I should have been a dead man but for your noble daring; though, if I had not broken this miserable leg, I should have escaped without the writing, and perhaps enjoyed the unexpected result."

"Believe me, Mr. Carrol, you owe me no such great load of gratitude. Why should not a woman, equally with a man, enjoy the luxury of following the promptings of her humanity without being forever burdened with an overwhelming load of gratitude? Confess now, frankly, does not the consciousness that your life was saved by a woman, appear to you, as a man, slightly mortifying, and does it not add greatly to the gratitude you would of course feel to any one who had done you that service?"

"I frankly confess to you, that now you call my attention to it, I can trace to that fact the existence of a feeling I could not before explain to myself. But, as I see the rebuke you so gently give my sex for a foolish feeling toward your own, let me assure you, that while I shall never again show myself liable to the rebuke, my debt of gratitude is the more increased by finding that I owe it to one who deserves so much respect from me as a man."

"Thank you kindly," I said, "and as we are in the formal and complimentary vein, allow me as a woman, to express my admiration for the cool decision and judgment with which you rescued that child from its danger; and by shaking your hand to express my thanks for the human feeling you showed among those selfish, stupid men."

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## Dramatic Feuilleton.

## To the General Public.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have no particular love for you that I should call you "dear," any more than I have for my laundress or my tailor, to whom, under certain circumstances, I apply the same epithet.

On the contrary, I look upon you as a capricious old fool, with nothing in particular to recommend you, except a happy instinct you have of now and then going back on your word, which lets me say, old fellow, I have never been one.

What I most dislike in you, is your ridiculous way of claiming to make and unmake people, especially theatrical and operatic people, whom I this week take under my special charge as against you and your forever.

You never made anybody in your life, General, who didn't turn out in the end to be a humbug, and whatever good you have in your bones was infused into them, against your will, by people whom you have done your best to unmake.

All innovators, all persons of real genius, in a word, all persons who think or write, or act for themselves, quite irrespective of you or Mrs. Grundy, you invariably carp at, and when you dare or can, crucify, though afterwards you make a great noise about them and build all kinds of hideous and unshapely monuments (made in your own image) to their memory.

The world is full of such monuments, monuments not to their honor, but to your disgrace, if you only had sense enough to see it.

Nevertheless, a large number of very good fellows, of both sexes, fawn upon you as if you were the great All in All, and, with their favorite motto "Success is Success," assume that whoever you happen to smile upon at once becomes good, like Wild's Candy, "not for a day but for all time," while, on the other hand, whoever you turn your back upon, is at once and forever ruined—good which I notice is not always the case.

These good people make themselves as miserable about you as if you had an opinion of your own, and they can't see that this only makes you laugh in your sleeve to find how even quite clever fellows may be taken in.

In fact, General, you are always in a bother what to do, and in three cases out of four your first decision is wrong.

For instance, during several weeks past, you have been treating Fabrizi and Stigelli in some respects the best singers we have had in New York for years—in the most shallow way possible, all because they happened to be singing at the Winter Garden instead of at the Academy of Music, and you therefore assumed that they were not equal to Brignoli and Patti. I don't say that they were, because I have comparisons, and because the whole four are very dear to me, as first class artists whose shoe-latches you are not worthy to un-buckle; but I do say that Fabrizi and Stigelli gave, night after night, a musical entertainment fit for the gods, and that you never went near them all the while, but treated them as if they were unhalloved interlopers.

I don't forget, either, how barbarously you treated Speranza, to whom you never gave the slightest chance. General, you are a snob.

Again: the other evening when I went to "see Cortesi" (not, oh, Adia Clare with a view to "die afterwards," I found you waiting outside to hear what was said of her by a few people whom you affect to despise as much as they really despise you.

Accordingly the next night, these few having boldly proclaimed that the Cortesi, in conjunction with her new and utterly irrepressible Tenor, had electrified the little gathering of auditors out of their senses, and made them howl with joy—which she did, or the Court doesn't know itself—you suddenly made your appearance, and when she and Musiani burst upon you in all their glory, brought your big hands together like slabs of marble, and cried halloo! halloo, or what not, by the half hour together, besides nearly smothering the astonished artists under a cascade of vegetables.

In fact, General, you never made such a fool of yourself before in your life. And now you are a snob.

Now, has Cortesi or Musiani to thank you or your snobbishness?

Not a bit of it. They have only to thank their own wonderful genius, which you could no more resist—it being once brought to bear upon you—than those poor fellows out in Illinois, the other day, could resist the tornado.

And yet I read somewhere, last week, that the artists of the theatre and the opera were to be treated, General, as your property.

Your property, indeed! As well say that our poets, our painters, our sculptors, our orators, our philosophers, are your property. "No, Indian, no." Make niggers, and politicians, and office-seekers (no offence to Greeley), and bottle-holders, and prize-fighters, etc., your property, if they'll let you; but don't lay your appropriating hand on men and women of genius, in whatever line, for they won't have you as owner on any terms.

You in fact are their property; and if they only acted on this assumption, and treated you accordingly (as some of the best of them do, to the delight of my heart), they would be much more certain of securing your good-will.

I know, my dear General, that there is another side to all this, as there is to everything, and that other things being equal (which they never are) you may be as good as anybody else. But let those take the other side who like you better.

I hand you over to your friends. Meanwhile I like you just well enough to inflict upon you these letters, in which I intend to write, in my own way, just what happens to come up on the subject of plays and players, songs and singers, etc., etc.

But I am not what is called a critic. I will even confess, if necessary, to the charge of being an enthusiast. What I like, I am very apt to laud, and what I don't like I am very apt to condemn.

Yours for instance. Now I like Fabrizi, and Cortesi, and Patti, and also, though not to the same extent, Brignoli, Stigelli, and Musiani. I think God there is something in me that tells me at once that they are all great artists, and that whether they succeed or not in making money, their very existence is a success compared with which gold (a power I never allow myself to speak irreverently of as compared to genius) is dust.

I feel sure that the duo in the third act of *Il Falco* was sung on Monday evening by Cortesi and Musiani as well as it was ever sung by anybody; and that Stigelli and Fabrizi rendered their roles, last week, in La Juvie, and in Nabucco, in a manner that would have brought even you to your knees, if you hadn't been steeped to the lips in Academic prejudice.

I heard these opera performers several times, and each time before such thin and such badly assorted crowds, that the wonder was how the artists could sing at all. It almost seemed as if they were inspired by very lack of audience. A more touching spectacle I have rarely witnessed, than that brilliant little company having out their utmost resources upon a more handful of people, composed chiefly of a class of people (German Jews, and such) the very sight of whom is enough to strike a sensitive person dumb. Chatham street, alas! furnishes anything but a festive audience.

No offence, in all this, to the Simon-pure Israelites, who have produced so many superb singers as well as composers, that one can almost forgive them all their innumerable sins.

A health, then, to the "Sweet Singers of Israel!" And a double health to Cortesi, Patti, and Fabrizi! And, apropos, I wish to take back a word I said some weeks ago of the personal appearance of Fabrizi. I judged her from the portraits in *Brooklyn*, every one of which ought, in the interest of art, to be suppressed; for although Fabrizi is far from having that too good covered charms, regularity of features, there is

that in the play of her countenance, when it is animated by her rare genius, which makes it more fascinating than that of any other prima-donna I have seen; not excepting Cortesi, who, nevertheless, in his inspired moments, exhibits a degree of personal attraction (if by no means confined, however, to my face) which fills all the belles in the Academy with envy.

And, now, my much abused and multitudinous friend, having abused you for half an hour to the top of my head, let me say that when I go to the Theatre or to the Opera, I go quite as much to see you as to see the performance. In fact, it is my delight of a shining night at this season of the year, to follow you about and see what you are at, and how you like it.

The other evening, I saw you at Nixson's, where I found you very busy examining His Majesty's "Great Seal," after which you went into ecstasies over those fairy-like dancers, Mark Smith and the Gale sisters; and then, having had a nice dose over the Burlesque, you were seen taking in dangerous quantities of Von Herkel and ice cream in the grand salon, and, at a later hour, offering your tribute at the shrine of Tobacchus, in one of the gardens, wondering all the while how Nixson ever got up such a gorgeous establishment, and little dreaming that you and I, for whose particular benefit it was created, have got to pay for it, which we shall probably do within sixty days, though not without grace.

I saw you also, old boy, at one of the Jefferson-Wood soirees, where you laughed so ostentatiously that I thought either the police should interfere, or the stern manager should adopt the Bowery-system of employing a corps of stout fellows to suppress all boisterous hilarity, and do the superfluous hooting themselves.

To conclude, you appear to have been 'round generally, this week, and, on the whole, to have had a good time of it, which shows, after all, you are not wanting in sense—though you will go to Hope Chapel and the Cooper Institute, and will stay away from the Winter Garden. However, to make up for this, you go to the Gaieties, and to the Art Union; while last evening I saw you at McFyke's, where you went probably because it is the only Concert Room on Broadway, except White's, where you can get good liquor and cigars. At any rate, that's what took me there, though I was very glad to get back to Pfaff's, where I found the Bohemians and the Bohemianes in full session and blast, doing their comic utmost to entertain a freshly-arrived Bostonian, who evidently thought that if such things could be in Gotham without exciting anybody's special wonder, why, Gotham must be a very different place from Boston, which I rather guess it is.

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And like this mathematical peasant poet, leave not a rock behind."

As in the Tempest, so in the Bowery or Broadway, they pass away and leave not a rock behind. They are then to speak of the performance of the stage as an art that surely expresses, as no other art does, the character of the nineteenth century, and surely the representative art of the age.

Of course all other centuries were taken at the breast in comparison. What is to-day is right. "New York," says our author, "is a great thought uttered," and "New York illustrates this idea of the drama being the representative art of to-day." Vox populi vox Dei, which ought to have been one of Charles Lamb's "Popular Fallacies" directed.

New York may be a great thought uttered, for aught I care, but if so, it is a very common and material thought. If the modern theatre is high art, then New York is the Mecca of its devotees. It is doubtless more flattering to deduce the aesthetic standard to meet the stature of Gotham, than to elevate Gotham so as to reach the standard. But I question if it is as wholesome. Let us have done with this intense glorification of our chief American city, and admit at once that in artistic culture we are mere children compared to the intellectual centres of Europe. Because we have converted the products of a vast expanse of soil into cash in hand, is no reason why we should expect to buy a cultivated taste with our Spring vegetables, before breakfast. It will come in time.

Not, however, by efforts in the direction of this essay. Perhaps it is a waste of time to combat so futile a theory. A startling conclusion counts to me. It may be that after all the whole essay is nothing but a colossal puff of Edwin Booth, the actor, "whose intellectual beauty," according to our author, "artists carve and paint, and fashion follows in the wake of intellect, alike acknowledging his merits." In that event, one can but admire the cleverness with which the puff driver has been clothed with glittering generalities, so as to pass muster in a high-toned Boston magazine.

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ship of his day, is entirely unrepresented and sustained by this love.

Men now-a-days are coming to have no thought or opinion of their own. Like the pebbles in the brook, their incessant rattling and open and free communication, have worn all original marks and peculiar traits away, and the same dull type everywhere prevails. More exactness, and less democratic tendencies, have the advantage of preserving the man more himself, and of being better adapted to the growth of individual character. In these times we hardly come in a two-sided man, with a strongly-marked character; a man who is a new pattern, and a devotee of all that is new and pungent thought. We are becoming too commonplace; our houses all look alike; the plot of our cities is a void of character and as unpicturesque as a chessboard; we all live in the same block of opinion, and pay rent for the privilege.

In the finest strain of music, in the most masterly stroke of art or oratory, there is something that seduces, that creates an expectation that outstrikes the performance. We just begin to see what might be done; immense possibilities beckon to us. The dome is slightly lighted, and we see the infinite heavens beyond. But why complain? Realization is not possible or desirable here. It checks growth; it puts us on a level with the object desired; while expectation is always upward, and constantly draws the soul out: we never hope down-hill.

Hence I say, the highest problem of literature and art is to lift us up in sight of these huge possibilities; not to realize and hem us in, but to break down our limitations and let us flow out into open space. Art must not be a wall against which our thoughts rebound, and which narrows and pinches the mind. It must relieve and make the breath come easier. It must be a sky-wall, an outlook into perennial day, feeding us as does the horizon, and giving us, not ideas, for this is reaction, but enjoyment, contemplation, and a prospect into higher regions. A good painting does not strike the critical faculty first, and excite a thought, but evokes a majestic rapture in the soul, and creates a kind of mental fervor; thought and criticism come afterward, and are a secondary matter.

It is said of Humboldt, that going on one occasion to make some scientific observations in a certain place, he was so ravished with the beauty of the scenery, that he forgot himself and came away without noting the desired facts. All good pictures produce precisely this effect, and warm us for the moment from mutilating them with our unholty criticism.

The highest eyes by no means see the sharpest; in fact, they never see quite so sharp as your calm, middle-aged, deep-set eyes. Their focal distance, somehow or other, is not well defined; they seem to diffuse the light instead of condensing, or drawing it to a point. So, I think, some people have so much feeling as not to feel keenly and intensely at all. All extremes are the same in their practical effects, and in this case, the very abundance cloys and drowns the expression. The curve of the eye is so little that it amounts almost to a straight line, and has no visible return. Agony and despair can be pushed so far that they become blank dumb-borers, with no relief or salient points to catch a feeling on.

I have a real liking for Locke notwithstanding his many faults. There is a good deal of light in him, with all his opacity. He is like the old-fashioned lantern, which gives a shower and not a flood of light. Bright passages and shrewdness dance on every page of his works. The fault seems to lie in his temperament, in some organic defect in the transmitting and modifying substance. There is light enough in him, but it is vitiated and split up by the organ that conveys it.

A fact serves a principle as a handle serves a blade; it is the firm and wield it with more success.

It is said that by means of a level, an undulation may be detected in the ice on large bodies of water; but then you must stand upon the ground, with only one leg of the level on the ice, to perceive it. I presume the same fluctuation could be detected in the crust of the earth, if we had somewhere to stand one end of the level. We must have something more fixed and solid than the earth itself to measure by. This is the dilemma that so bothered Archimedes; he had not whereon to place his fulcrum. There are many things we might do if we only had a fulcrum.

The Church places one leg of its Gospel-level in the world, and the other two on the pulpit, and detects great aberrations and fluctuations in the latter; but if it were to turn the level around and place the two legs on the plain of absolute truth, would it not perceive some "bump and discord in itself?" We are too apt to think ourselves solid and secure, simply because we measure by a standard less solid and secure. Place one end of your level on the eternal principle of God's law, and see then how the matter stands.

A by-word is used by an infirm talker as a sort of cane; he is constantly falling back upon it; it seems to support and steady his wavering power, and in his tripping and stumbling, often prevents him from falling down outright.

There is a certain class of men, who, like nettles, are best dealt with by rough, savage handling; violence drowns them, and puts them under your control before their internal sting can do its function. Timid, evil-disposed people are best dealt with in this way. Don't pat them, and try to manage them by oblique strokes, but approach them at right angles, and force them straight into the right terms before their mean cowardice can disarm you.

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ship of his day, is entirely unrepresented and sustained by this love.

Men now-a-days are coming to have no thought or opinion of their own. Like the pebbles in the brook, their incessant rattling and open and free communication, have worn all original marks and peculiar traits away, and the same dull type everywhere prevails. More exactness, and less democratic tendencies, have the advantage of preserving the man more himself, and of being better adapted to the growth of individual character. In these times we hardly come in a two-sided man, with a strongly-mark



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